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THE
CHILDREN'S PAPER
AUGUST 1923 THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Mag's Day Out

IT came to the nursery window one morning in summer when the children were having breakfast, and, standing on the window-sill, said plainly, in a loud, harsh voice,—

"Poor Mag! poor Mag! Let her in!"

"Whatever is it?" asked the children.

"It's a magpie," answered Miss Ford, their governess, "and evidently a tame one. They're horribly mischievous things."

"Oh, do let's have it in, Fordie," cried Felix and Mary.

"I don't see how we can keep it out," said Miss Ford, "with the window wide open. There! it's coming"—as the magpie hopped in and flew to the back of a chair.

"Poor Mag!" it said, ruffling up its feathers and drooping its long tail as if it were cold. Then it suddenly straightened up, flew on to the table, looked up right into Mary's face, picked up the piece of bread off her plate, and flew to the window-sill with it.

For a moment it pecked at it as if it were very hungry. Then it turned and looked at the children with its wicked black eyes, and gave a long, raspy, chuckling laugh.

Miss Ford and Felix and Mary almost jumped off their chairs; and when the magpie wagged its head gravely from side to side and said in a mocking voice, "Put your 'ead in a bag, do!" they all burst out laughing.

"Oh dear!" said Miss Ford, wiping her eyes. "Come, children, finish your breakfast."

But there was no more breakfast eaten that morning, for the magpie left the bread and came in again. This time it strutted round the floor, with its beautiful tail cocked jauntily up and its head held down, peering into everything; and when it came face to face with Mary's big Teddy Bear, which was sitting up in a corner, it flew to the back of the nearest chair and fairly danced with rage and fear, chattering furiously all the time.

At last Miss Ford put the Teddy Bear into the toy cupboard. The magpie came down from its perch again, and flew away out of the window.

The children did not pay much attention to lessons that morning, because they were listening and watching for the funny bird all the time. It did not appear again; but just as they were putting their lesson books away, Thomson the gardener came knocking at the nursery door. He was not a good-tempered old man at any time, and this morning he was fairly bubbling over with rage. His hands were full of roses, which he threw down on the nursery table in front of Miss Ford. They were beautiful roses, red and white and yellow; but they had all been picked *without stalks!*

"I'd just like to know who did this?" said Thomson, and he glowered at Felix and Mary as if he would enjoy taking a stick to them.

"It wasn't us," they both cried.

"I'm sure it wasn't," said Miss Ford. "You know, Thomson, the children are not allowed to touch the roses; and, besides, they have not been into the garden this morning, and those are freshly picked."

"No," retorted Thomson angrily; "I suppose it'll be the cat who gets the blame. I——"

He stopped then, for there came a long chuckle from the window, and there stood the magpie, looking saucily in.

Thomson's mouth opened wide, as if he were going to speak; but it just stayed open without his saying a word, for the magpie lifted one foot and scratched the back of its head, for all the world as if it were a man. Then it looked straight at Thomson, wagged its head gravely from side to side, and said solemnly,—

"Put your 'ead in a bag, do!"

"Well, I'm blest!" said Thomson, and he made a dart for the window; but the magpie was too quick for him, and the next moment it was chuckling on the garden path.

"That's who picked the roses," said Mary triumphantly. "Isn't it a wicked bird?" And Thomson went off vowing that he would catch it and kill it.

The next place the magpie visited was the kitchen. The window was open, and on the table stood a dish of fillets of beef which cook was going to fry for dinner.

"Poor Mag! pretty Mag!" said the magpie, standing on one leg on the edge of the table; and, looking impudently at cook, it made a kissing sound with its beak.

"Well, I never did!" cried cook, throwing up her hands.

The magpie hopped a little nearer the dish, one bright eye on the meat and one on cook. Then it had an idea. It hopped to the edge of the table, peered over it on to the floor, and called,—

"Puss, puss, puss! Drat the cat!"

"Oh, my sakes alive!" screamed cook, going off into fits of laughter; "if it isn't calling the cat.—Mary and Susan, come and see this." And she ran to the door to find the other servants, and before she could turn round again the magpie had seized a fillet of beef and flown away with it through the window.

Well, after that nobody could talk of anything but the magpie. Thomson wanted to shoot it; but mother said it was probably somebody's pet and had escaped from a cage, and she hoped they would come and claim it soon. It seemed quite impossible to catch it, because it never let anybody get at all near to it.

Felix and Mary thought it was very tiresome that mother and Miss Ford had promised to take them to a sale of work, to be held in a friend's garden that afternoon. They thought it would be much more exciting to stay at home and watch the magpie.

The magpie had not appeared again after stealing the meat, and mother said she hoped it would not come back to the house and do any damage while they were out. The day was too hot to have the windows shut, so she asked the maids to keep an eye open for the naughty bird.

There were lots of people the children knew at the sale of work, and a good many who were strangers. One of these was a very handsome old lady, with white hair and bright black eyes, and a jolly laugh. Felix and Mary were standing near one of the stalls when they heard her say to somebody,—

"Yes, I'm dreadfully worried about Mag. He went off yesterday, and hasn't come back yet. It's quite a long time since he took it into his head to have a day out, and I expect he's giving somebody a bad time."

Then Felix and Mary simply rushed at her.

"Is it a magpie?" asked Felix. "Because there's one in our garden, and it laughs as the demon at the pantomime did."

"And it told Thomson to put his 'ead in a bag," said Mary excitedly.

"That's my Mag," said the old lady, and she laughed ever so. "He's got some shocking expressions, but I wouldn't sell him for a sackful of gold."

Then mother came up, and it was settled that when they were ready to leave the old lady should go home with them to get her pet. She had a beautiful big blue motor car, and Felix and Mary

sat proudly in front with the chauffeur. She came from a place five miles away, and could not think what had made Mag stray so far from home.

They found the magpie in the nursery, sitting miserably on the rail of the fireguard, with its shoulders hunched up and its tail hanging down. When it saw its mistress it changed like lightning. Its feathers flattened down and its tail went up, and with a harsh scream it flew to her and perched on her shoulder, rubbing its glossy neck against her cheek and making loud kisses with its beak. But she lifted it down and put it to stand on the table.

"You naughty bird!" she said, shaking her finger at it. "How dare you take a day out like this? What mischief have you done? Stolen the steak and plucked the roses, and goodness knows what else!"

The magpie stood and listened, with its tail cocked at a rakish angle and its bright black eyes fixed steadily on hers, which were bright and black too. It seemed to quite understand what she was saying, but it didn't look a bit sorry for its naughtiness.

"Well, come then," she said at last. "We'll be friends again. Tell me you're sorry and promise to be good, and I'll take you home. *Will* you be good?"

She held out her hand, and put her head on one side and looked at the bird; and *it* put its head on one side, and, standing on one leg, bowed to her.

"Right you are, old girl," it said; and it flew to her shoulder, laughing wickedly.

The next day it was dreadfully wet, and after lessons Felix and Mary decided to play soldiers; but when Felix climbed on to a chair and took down his drum from the nursery shelf there was a big hole in one end of it, and through the hole had been dropped the queerest collection of things. These are some of them: A teaspoon, an indiarubber, a tin soldier, a sixpence, three hairpins, a button-hook, a ball of darning wool, six brass buttons, *and*—Miss Ford's silver thimble.

Miss Ford had turned her work-basket out to look for it that morning, and she could not understand why everything in it was in such a muddle. Everybody laughed—even Felix, in spite of his spoilt drum—to think how cleverly the magpie had made a hidy-hole that afternoon; and Mary said,—

"If it was here to be scolded, it would only look cheeky and say, 'Put your 'ead in a bag!'"

But some little bird must have whispered the story of the spoilt drum to the handsome old lady. One morning the postman brought a big parcel for Felix, and inside was a beautiful new drum with a card tied to it on which was written,—

"*With love from Mag.*"

CONSTANCE HEWARD.

SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old"

A GENTLEMAN riding through Sydenham saw a board with "This cottage for sail" painted on it. As he was always ready for a pleasant joke, and seeing a woman in front of the house, he stopped and asked her very politely when the cottage "would sail." "Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was the quiet reply.

✢ ✢ ✢

A FEMALE begging impostor importuning a gentleman to give her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman said she should have one, if she would only leave off begging and take in washing.

✢ ✢ ✢

A GENTLEMAN of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awakened him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "I came to tell you that you had two hours longer to sleep."

✢ ✢ ✢

"SHURE, which is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman at a railway station the other day.

✢ ✢ ✢

"CAPTAIN, jewel," said a son of Erin, as a ship was coming on the coast in inclement winter weather, "have ye a almenick on board?" "No, I haven't." "Thin, be jabers," replied Pat, "we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

✢ ✢ ✢

Two gentlemen passing a blackberry bush when the fruit was unripe, one said it was ridiculous to call them black berries when they were red. "Don't you know," said his friend, "that blackberries are always red when they are green?"

✢ ✢ ✢

"HERE'S Dr. Johnson's Dictionary," said Mrs. Partington, as she handed it to Ike; "study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

✢ ✢ ✢

AN Irishman, passing through a field of cattle the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows all lying down, and one of them only standing up, that one is sure to be a bull."

✢ ✢ ✢

A PROVIDENT Irishman is going to get his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to live on, and not be dependent on the cold charities of the world as he once was.

The Dancing Doll

ALMOST amusing little doll which will dance when put on a piano that is being played, or even on a table that is strummed with the fingers, can be made in this way. Get a good-sized bottle cork and cut the upper part of this to look like a head and shoulders. (Fig. 1.) Now from a clothes-brush cut four long bristles. With a pin make holes in the under-side of the cork and push in the bristles so that the figure will stand. If the bristles are not exactly of the same length, cut them to make them quite even. Push two matches into the figure to act as arms. (Fig. 2.) Paint the face of the doll with some Chinese white from your colour box, and then mark in the eyes, mouth, and other features. With gum fix some tissue paper round the figure and so provide it with a dress. Also cut out a hat from paper, and gum this on the head. A strip of paper makes a sash for the doll. (Fig. 3.) To make the little toy dance, stand it where there is vibration, such as on a piano top, or on a table which is knocked with the fingers. When the latter is being done, hum or whistle a lively tune, and the doll appears to be dancing to the music in a most amusing way.

FIG. 1.

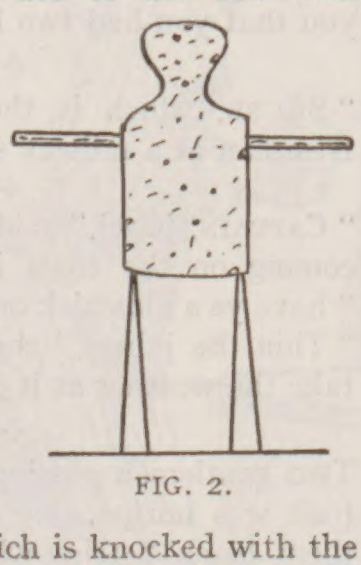


FIG. 2.

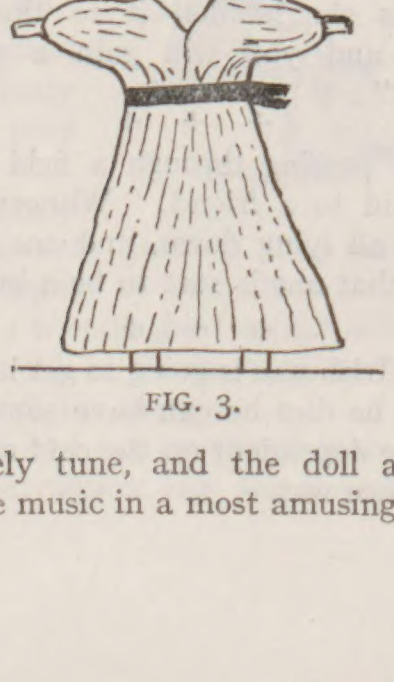


FIG. 3.

Butterfly Baskets

CHARMING little butterfly baskets in which you can put sweets or any small things are made in this way. Find a picture of a butterfly which is about four inches across, or somewhat bigger, if you want a larger basket. Trace off the picture four times on stiff white paper and then cut them out. Colour with water colours or crayons just like real butterflies. Measure across the spread wings, and using this measurement for each side cut out five squares of pasteboard, punching holes in the corners. Make corresponding holes in the lower and upper tips of the wings of the butterflies. Now with very narrow ribbon or coloured raffia tie the parts together in the way shown in the sketch. One square of cardboard forms the bottom of the basket, and the other pieces are the inside. The butterflies are, of course, on the outside. Finish the basket with a ribbon or a piece of raffia to form the handle.

"He Prayeth Best"

HARK, the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

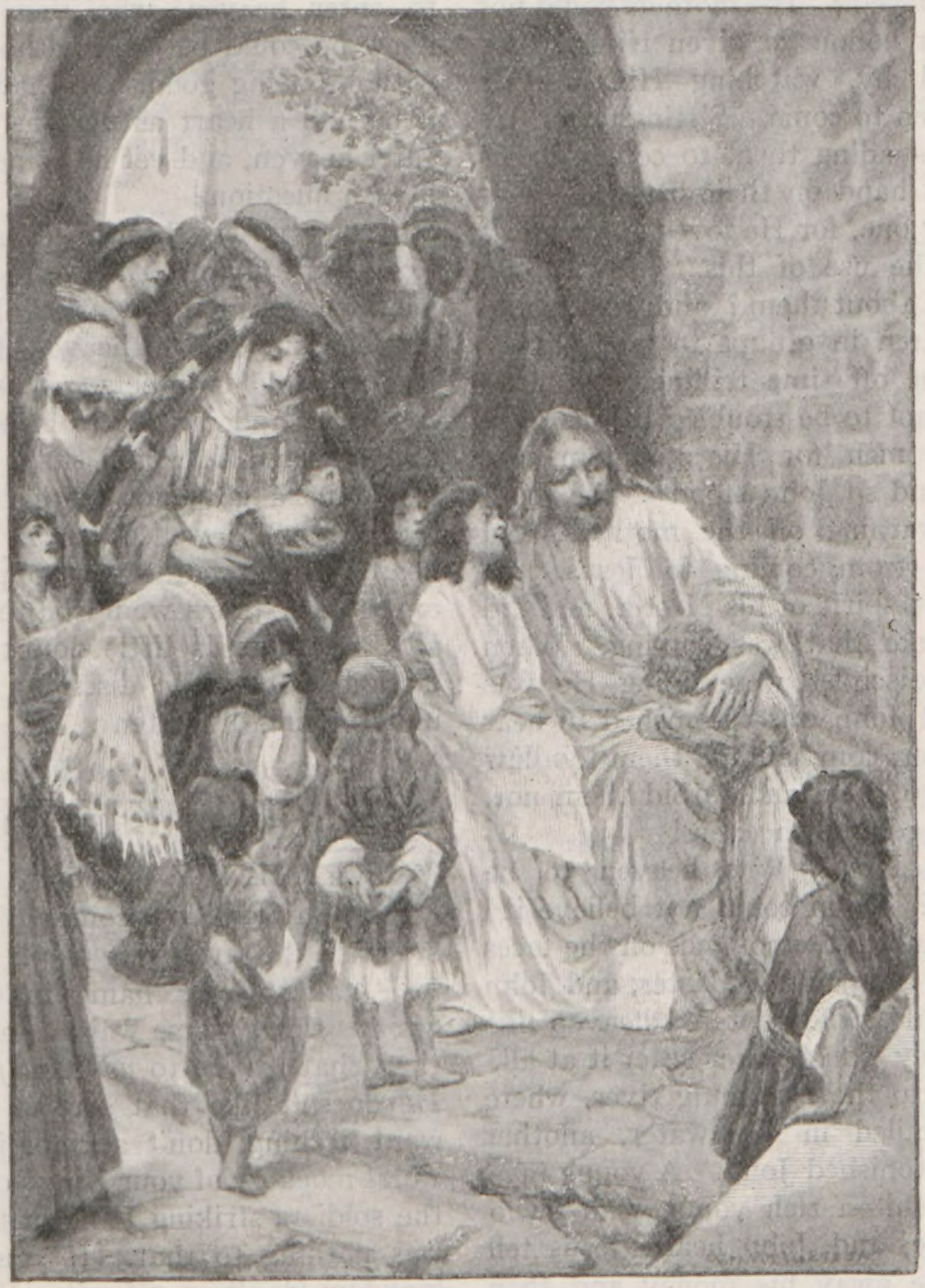
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Bible Story

8. Jesus and the Little Children

ONE day John heard a warning voice in the crowd telling Jesus to leave their country, for King Antipas wished to kill Him. Now Antipas was educated at Rome with his brother, and got his little kingdom from the Emperor Augustus, after a bitter quarrel with that brother. And John listened for the answer. Jesus said they were to tell the cunning fox that He was going up to Jerusalem, and would die there. We read in history that Antipas was hated by the Roman officers for his cunning, and they could never trust him. He killed the Baptist to please his wife, and when his army was defeated by Aretas, King of Arabia, the people were glad, and said it was a punishment from God for killing the young prophet whom they loved.



John had learned from Jesus not to make long prayers like the Pharisees, and now he heard Him speaking to the Pharisees themselves about prayer. The short, earnest cry of a penitent tax-gatherer was dearer to God than the prayer of a Pharisee. He heard Jesus also speak to them about their cruelty to their wives, for they treated them like slaves and not as equals. What Jesus said sounded so new and extraordinary to John and the disciples that they could not believe it. He tells us that they looked at one another, saying, if wives were to be treated in that way, it would be better not to be married at all. It took John a long time to accept what Jesus said about the rights of women; but there were others there who accepted it at once. Mary the mother of Jesus, John's own mother Salome, Mary Magdalene, and the other women who went with them to prepare their food and attend to their wants, they believed in the freedom of women of which Jesus spoke. The disciples grumbled, and the Pharisees sneered, but there were women in that crowd whose dark eyes filled with tears of gratitude. To the end of His life women were the most faithful and fearless friends of Jesus, even crying out against the cruelty of the soldiers in the streets of Jerusalem itself.

John was learning gentleness and humility from Jesus, the forgiveness of injuries, how to pray, and the true position of women; but the greatest of the lessons he learned, and which he repeated to the end of his life, was about the love of Jesus for little children, their love for Him and for one another.

It was now spring, and the larks were in the sky, and the blackbirds on the hedge, where the pink buds blossomed on the branches, in the land across the Jordan. The farmers were in their fields, with bullocks dragging the wooden plough, and the road-menders were patching the gaps in the paths which had been caused by the torrents. Pedlars, with packs on their asses, would soon be moving about, and the roads and bridges had to be ready for the pilgrim bands on their way to the Temple festival in April.

John watched the dark-eyed mothers of the Perea bringing their little brown children to Jesus, and asking Him if He would bless them before leaving their country. They had heard Him say He was soon going to Jerusalem, where He would be killed. The mothers wondered why He need go. Would He not

stay with them until spring broke into full summer and the hills were glad with lambs? Why go into dangerous Judea? He might remain in safety with them and teach their children. So young, so good, so beautiful! Surely He is the Son of God, the women thought, looking shyly at Him from their doorways as He passed along the road. To be killed by cruel soldiers, and His life as a rabbi hardly well begun! Would He touch her boy, that he might be proud of it all his life? Would He bless her girl, and she would be blessed indeed? The mothers could not have done Jesus higher honour or given Him greater pleasure. John stood by, watching Him as He beckoned to the children to come. Sitting down, He talked with them, persuading them to come on His knee, and putting His hand on their little heads as He blessed them every one, for He loved them all.

John did not see the use of this. Why should women come crowding about them? and why should they bring their children in groups to be blessed? Why should Jesus put off time trifling with little children? He ought not to be troubled in this way. The disciples wanted men for His kingdom, not babes and women. And so John stood in the roadway with the rest, warning off the mothers, and stopping the children from coming to Jesus. He had not yet learned the spirit of his Master, and did not know of the rebuke that was coming. When Jesus saw what the disciples were doing He was greatly displeased, and John was astonished to hear His voice raised in anger, commanding them to allow the children to come to Him, and forbid them not, for of such was the kingdom of heaven!

The kingdom of heaven! Was heaven to be peopled with children? John could not believe it! The look of astonishment and annoyance on the faces of the disciples did not escape their Master, and John heard Him say that unless they entered heaven like these little children, they would never enter it at all.

On their way down to the brimming river, where the leafy branches trailed in the water, another thing happened that astonished John. A young man came running after them—a rich young man—who wished to be a disciple, and John heard Jesus tell him he must first give away his money and then come. When the young man turned away, John saw that Jesus was sorry, for He liked him; and turning to the rest, He told them to look and see how difficult it was for a rich man to enter heaven.

John could not believe it was so difficult. The greatest men of the church were rich. They presented forests of trees, flocks of sheep, and dishes of gold to the Temple in Jerusalem. They built synagogues in the villages, and got the best seats there, and could fling handfuls of silver into the money box at the synagogue door. Riches were God's blessing. The rich were God's favourites. Money could do anything, even buy men and women. If the rich did wrong, they could pay their fines to the priests and be set right again. And so, with very grave faces, John came with the other disciples to Jesus, to ask a question. They thought they could change His mind. If it was easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter heaven, who then could get in? John knew he could be good without being rich, and rich without being good. He had heard Jesus say that if he had a heart as pure as a little child he would enter heaven, and yet he came to Him with this very foolish question!

John was vexed with Jesus for turning away the rich young man. They were on the way to Jerusalem, where, in a few days, He was to set up His glorious kingdom of heaven, foretold by the Baptist and the old prophets. What John had followed Jesus for, and worked to bring about, was now near at hand, and he would share in the triumph. John would be a governor, perhaps a prince, with goldraiment and jewelled rings. And yet he had just heard Jesus say the very opposite of what they all expected. Judas would be the most greedy of them all, and there is little doubt much of the dissatisfaction among the disciples would be due to his undermining discontent.

"Thy Kingdom Come"

EVERYBODY has been taught to pray daily, "Thy kingdom come." Now, if we hear a man swear in the streets we think it very wrong, and say he "takes God's name in vain." But there's a twenty times worse way of taking His name in vain than that. It is to *ask God for what we don't want.* He doesn't like that sort of prayer. If you don't want a thing, don't ask for it; such asking is the worst mockery of your King you can mock Him with; the soldiers striking Him on the head with the reed was nothing to that. If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it: you must work for it. And to work for it, you must know what it is: we have all prayed for it many a day without thinking. Observe, it is a kingdom that is to come to us; we are not to go to it. Also, it is not to come all at once, but quietly; nobody knows how. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." Also, it is not to come outside of us, but in the hearts of us: "The kingdom of God is within you." JOHN RUSKIN.

THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER XI

DICK PLAYS THE GAME

NOEL'S way of putting things startled Dick Tenharden. Give his father another chance? What chance did his father want to take? Dick ran his fingers through his hair.

"What brought you lads here?" he asked.

"We came to see ghosts," said Con, "and we've found you. Whew! that bat nearly hit my nose. Come on, Dick. I expect you'll be home just in time to make your mother better. Ann took her down soup yesterday, but she said the sight of you would do her more good than all the soups in the world. Wasn't it funny? *I* would much rather have had some of Rose's rabbit soup than have seen you down here just now. I rather expect Noel would have wanted you to be a ghost. So it is your mother wants you most."

Dick listened, and, as he listened, he was just picturing his mother's pale face and her eager eyes watching the door. Watching, watching, for her Dick, who had planned to run right out of her sad life for ever. Oh, what a coward he had been! Though these little lads from America did not actually tell him so, he read it in their eyes. They were both thinking of his mother—not of him. Dick had only been thinking of himself. Shame! Dick covered his burning face with his hands.

"Your father will be glad to have you home," said Noel. "Every one says so. Dear Dick, *I'm* glad, too. I'm your friend, and—and you beat it without telling me. It wasn't the game, Dick, but I guess we won't rub it in! Only don't ever run away again."

How Noel took for granted that he was not going *on* running any more that night! It is a long step on the right road when our chum takes for granted we're going along it to the end. Dick looked at Noel, and Noel looked at Dick.

"You're fine, Dick," said Noel. "Guess I don't know how fine, because I've never had your job. But I want to shake hands. I wish I could help."

"You have helped," cried poor Dick in a fierce kind of way. "You have both helped. And I won't play coward. I'll go home for mother's sake, even if father flays me alive. I'll go back an' stay there. I'm mother's only boy. I'll be true."

Con sighed a sigh of satisfaction. "Let's go right now," he demanded. "I'm sorry I finished my pastry so quick. Noel, just give a part of yours to Dick. I guess it's too late for him to get supper."

So Dick had Noel's share of supper, and the three walked back over the moors, too busy with their thoughts even to look out for witches. Ann did not hear the truants come in, they were so quiet; and I expect you can guess how many minutes it took them to get into bed!

But the most surprising thing of all was, they were both up *before* Ann next morning. When Ann came downstairs wondering what adventures she was going to hear about, and if Louisa had had any suspicions of what had been going on, she spied Noel and Con running up the path waving to her excitedly. Ann forgot all about September dews and thin shoes as she rushed out to greet them.

"Did you—did you *really* see a ghost?" she asked.

"Better," laughed Noel. "A billion times better, Mother Ann." And both boys, catching her hands, danced round with her in a ring.

"Breakfast is cooling," cried Uncle Bob, opening the long casement door and standing on the top step. "Come in, you pickles. You will get your feet wet through."

"But isn't it fine, Uncle Bob!" cried Noel, running up to him, his bright face radiant in smiles. "Dick's father was pleased to see him, and they shook hands, and his mother's better, and Susie's pleased, and Dick——"

"Are you talking of the missing fisher lad, young Tenharden?" asked Uncle Bob. "I'm glad the boy has had the good sense to return. How did you hear?"

Con had settled down to his porridge and treacle, but Noel, between spoonfuls, told the tale.

Uncle Bob stroked his chin and put on that comical look of his which he wore when he did not know whether to laugh or scold; but he did not say a word till the story was finished.

"All's well that ends well," he said. "And I am really glad the boy is home. His mother was servant here before she married, so I take

a special interest in her; but I would like you both to promise, for sake of my peace of mind, *not* to take any more midnight expeditions without telling me. England is different to California, and not only might you disturb the household, but you could very easily meet with an ugly accident tramping over the moors. I am sure you will understand and not think I am too much of an old fusser."

Noel and Con were quite ready with their promise, and though they could not help being very glad they went last night to Spaniard's Mill, they found before bedtime came that Ann had been quite right; for if you don't go to bed properly at night it certainly spoils the next day!

"THE SEA! THE SEA!"

There were no more invitations from the Court for the Sunshine children, but they saw Pamela driving about in her little tub cart, with her friend Audrey. They both, as Ann said, looked as if they matched each other beautifully. But if Pamela had not found our three the sort of playmates she cared for, they had plenty of friends besides. All the Claudeen fisher folk knew and loved them. Their bright faces brought the sunshine, they said; and I expect Pamela - Pride, as Noel nicknamed her, would have been horrified to hear they actually went down to tea at the cottages! Sexton Rogewell was faithful to his first favourite, Con, but by this time all three of the Winshaws knew him and his cat Scrabble. It was a favourite amusement of theirs to go and listen to his stories of Cornish folk, pixies, knockers, and hobgoblins, but most of all smugglers. How they all did love smugglers, though Uncle Bob told them they were probably a good deal nicer at a distance.

Their friend the vicar asked them all to tea soon after Dick's return home. He had a favour to ask, too, but he waited till after tea. Such a funny, higgledy-piggledy tea in a very higgledy-piggledy room; for the vicar's sister Jane was away from home, and her brother seemed to be having a holiday by being as untidy as he liked.

The little Winshaws liked the untidiness, and they loved looking at the vicar's stuffed birds, each of which had a story woven round it. At the end of the visit came the request. Would the Sunshine children help him with his concert at the beginning of October?

The Sunshine children accepted with pleasure. Here was a job after their own hearts! Had they not given concerts at the Golden Vale Farm? Con began trilling "The Star-spangled Banner" at once. Of course, he would have to give that as a solo. "Yankee Doodle," too. Anything, indeed. Shyness and Con were complete strangers, and he *could* sing. Oh yes; no one questioned that. The vicar knew Con would be the "star" of the concert, but he did not say so; the others were so equally keen.

"We'll get up a little sketch," said Noel. "We did one last Christmas, called 'Tiresome Billy.' I'm Billy the nigger, Ann's the missus, and Con's the master. Every one likes it, and we can easily make the clothes. If we want any of the village children to help, we can ask, can't we?"

"Of course," smiled the vicar. "I see you are old campaigners. I shall leave the success of my concert in your hands. You see, I want the money as a winter nest-egg. Stormy days spell distress and anxiety amongst our fishers. Often money is urgently wanted."

"Can't we do something beside the concert?" asked Ann. "If you tell us, I reckon we'll be glad to help. It's so much more fun than just amusing ourselves."

"That's very nice to hear," said the vicar, "and I will try to think out a scheme. Thank you very much, Sunshine children. I hope more than ever that the rumour I hear is true about your remaining for some long time at Claudeen."

"It depends on whether Uncle Bob can find a house," said Noel. "I guess it's some hard job to find one."

Ann said nothing, but the colour had deepened in her cheeks, and she looked wise. Ann had looked wise that way ever since Uncle Bob took her shopping to Carran Brea.

The day after their tea-party at the vicarage Hetty came into their snuggery, quite early in the morning after breakfast, to say that Dick Tenharden wanted to see them.

"He's outside in the garden," said Hetty. "He's too dirty altogether to come across the hall."

Out bounced the children to greet their chum. Although perhaps his father did not always remember the better state of affairs, Dick was certainly happier at home, and his gratitude to the Winshaw boys was deep. He did appear very extra grubby to-day as he stood waiting for them near the old beech tree.

Noel laughed. "Why, Dick," he said, "have you been chasing a fox down its hole?"

But Dick just laughed. He looked so pleased. "Better than that, Master Noel," he said. "I've found the passage from the old monastery to the Priest's Cave—the passage Black Roglan used when he was after running a cargo."

"You've found the passage! You've found the passage!" yelled his listeners. "Hurrah! Hurrah! Come on, come on. Show it us. It's fine. It's grand. The secret passage!"

Dick was as proud as Punch. "I've always wanted to find it," he said, "but never as much as since I came home. I knew it would please you. But don't you think it would be just as good to keep the secret so that we can explore by ourselves?"

"Of *course*," said Noel; "the only person I should like to tell would be Mr. Trenaint. He's a real anti—antiquary, and he's been such a brick showing us the cairn secrets, and he's going one day to take us down a mine. So we ought to tell him. But not to-day. It's our secret to-day. Guess I wish I had four legs to run faster."

Ann was out of breath already, so, instead of faster, they had to go slower; but that was just as well, as they could listen better to Dick's tale of discovery.

"I was up amongst the monastery ruins last night," he told them, "as the boats weren't going out. And as luck would have it I saw a fox come up out from behind a pack of stones near one of the thickest of the walls. Down I goes on my knees, and as I pushed and scratted around part of the wall gave way—and there was the hole, black as ink. I could make out there was a stair cut in the rock, but the moon was wanin', and I couldn't get down then. So home goes I, and back this morning I went. There was the hole, same as last night. I took a rope with me, and down I climbed. There's a passage right down the cliff and into the back of the cave below. I couldn't get through into the cave, because the rock was stuck; so away comes I to ask you to help. There's more to find, and I've my lantern handy there."

"I've got my electric torch, too," said Noel. "I say, Dick, it's just the finest thing. Yes; let's keep it secret—anyhow till after Mr. Trenaint has explored. He'll tell us more about it. Sure, I guess I'll be an anti—antiquary when I'm a man."

Ann was silent. Of course, it was dreadfully exciting to find the smugglers' stair, but she did hope nothing was going to fall on the top of them and block them in!

Quite a heavy dew still clung to the ivy which grew over the ruined walls, but though it drenched the explorers from time to time, they did not mind that. Before them, at their feet, lay the long-hidden entrance to the secret stair.

"I reckon I should have hated to be a smuggler," said Ann, shivering.

Con patted her shoulder. "Would you rather keep *cave* up here?" he asked.

Ann hesitated. But no. She could not be such a *girl* as to refuse adventure. "I'd rather come," she said. "Of—of course it's safe?" She would have liked a laughing assurance as to this, but none came. No one could promise safety without knowing exactly where they were going.

Dick went first, then Noel, then Ann, lastly Con.

The steps were deep, steep, and narrow. They wound round like a corkscrew. This could only have been a specially private way to be used in cases of surprise and danger.

Ann would have liked to ask very often whether it were much farther down, but she did not like to.

Con asked, in a stifled sort of voice, whether they might likely find Black Roglan's bones lying handy. A smuggler's skull would be some souvenir.

Half-way down came a halt. Ann shuddered. Had an accident happened? There seemed to

be a lot of scraping and shuffling below her. Then Noel called that Dick had found a kind of cave to the right of the path, and was moving into it to explore.

Ann nearly said "What a pity!" She was so dreadfully afraid of being suffocated. It seemed every second more difficult to breathe. Then she saw Noel's torch winking at her and showing her the rocky arch of this half-way house.

"The passage is wider below," said Noel, "and Dick thinks this wee cave has an opening on to the face of the cliff, but it is probably choked over by fallen chalk."

"Will more chalk fall?" asked Ann. Then she gave a little cry of relief mingled with alarm. A curious rumbling was heard, and then daylight came creeping in with air—pure, delicious air! Oh, how glad Ann was! She had been nearer fainting than she had realized.

"Careful," urged Dick. "See here." And he held up his lantern. The cave was a circular one, and where Dick stood in the gap against the daylight lay a heap of chalk and fallen stone.

Noel took Ann's hand and crept forward. They could see over the debris to where, far below, the waves crashed amongst the rocks. They were, in fact, standing on the edge of sheer cliff, with cliffs rising high above them.

"A storage," said Con. "Guess they sent ropes down from here to haul their cargoes. This would be where they kept the goods."

"That's it," said Dick; "the smugglers' stronghold. Isn't it fine? I only wish we could find some of their old treasures."

But though they all prowled round with sharpened eyes and a great deal of the treasure-hunter's enthusiasm, they could find nothing more exciting than some very rusty old "bands," such as one sees round barrels, and rotting pieces of wood which crumbled under their touch.

"Perhaps we ought to be going home now," suggested Ann, who could not quite get rid of the feeling that some part of the roof might give way and bury them alive. But the boys would not hear of the suggestion before they had opened the way out into the Priest's Cave.

"I wonder if the old, old monks used this path," said Noel, "or whether it was made by smugglers."

"Perhaps Mr. Trenaint will be able to tell us," replied Con. "He seemed to know all about the monastery. Hallo, Dick! Have you come to the bottom?"

"Yes, Master Con," called back Dick. "There's room for us all here, but—I can't pull up the slab o' stone. It's too stiff."

Of course Noel and Con were both sure *they* could do the job; and whilst Ann held the light they joined forces, tugging and panting and gasping, till at last the great block of wedged stone did begin to move.

"A strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all togeth—" panted Noel. But before he could finish the last word out came the slab, and over fell the boys, Dick on top and Con *very* much beneath.

Con must have had some bad bruises, for the space was limited, but he scrambled up, much too eager to see what was underneath the stone to trouble about bumps or lumps!

A great surprise was awaiting them though—a surprise which explained the dull roaring sound that had grown so much louder when the stone "trap" had been raised.

"The sea!" cried the Sunshine children all together. "The sea!"

"High tide," added Dick, thrusting his head down as low as he dared. "*That's* how Black Roglan ran his cargoes! Waited till the tide brought the boats right up here from his smuggler craft, and unloaded here. It wasn't too big a risk the wily old tod was taking, and there's many a story made plain now—many a story."

Dick was quite as delighted as any one over the great discovery, which made a key to fit many a legend of that wild coast.

Ann *led* the way up the stuffy passage, and it was not till she stood amongst the ruins of the old monastery that she quite appreciated the delight of exploring.

"I shall like going down the second time much better," she admitted. "I guess I was thinking of the song about the old 'Mistletoe Bough,' and it—well, *I* believe it would be better to be buried alive in an old box at home than in a horrid smugglers' passage!"

She didn't mind if the boys *did* laugh at her!

(*To be continued.*)

Two More Irish Smiles

"THERE'S two ways of doing it," says Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me four thousand pounds, I must lay up two hundred pounds a year for twenty years, or I can put away twenty pounds a year for two hundred years—now which shall I do?"

\+ \+ \+

AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

Childhood of Famous People

3. Abraham Lincoln

IT was certainly a cold and comfortless way of beginning life to be born in a log cabin, especially when it was winter-time, and the cabin had no door to keep out the wind, and no window to let in the light. Abraham Lincoln could scarcely have started life in a poorer home than that little log cabin, set in the midst of a barren and desolate wilderness in the State of Kentucky, where he first opened his eyes on the world on February 12, 1809.

It was to be hoped that the new baby would grow into a strong, brave boy, for there was no use for weaklings in the rough, dangerous life that awaited him. Even his mother, who rocked him in her arms, had early learned to handle a rifle that she might defend herself and her children when the father, Thomas Lincoln, was away. They were accustomed to all sorts of dangers and hardships, for there were many wild animals in the woods, and they were never quite safe from the fear of Indians.

When Abraham, or Abe as he was called, grew old enough to care for stories, there was nothing he loved better than to stand at his father's knee and listen to the tales of his adventures with the Redskins.

At six years old Abe had learned to fish and to hunt, although he was still too small to be trusted with a gun. One of his favourite amusements was to swing across the creek holding on to the branch of a sycamore tree, and one day while he and another small boy were enjoying themselves in that way, Abe lost his hold and disappeared with a terrific splash into the water below. The other boy was quite equal to the occasion, and, waiting till he reappeared, leaned over and dragged him out with the greatest difficulty. If it had not been for the presence of mind of the other child, Abe would certainly have been drowned and America would never have known one of the greatest and most famous of her presidents.

"It is time those children had some learning," said their father thoughtfully, when Abe was seven years old and his sister a year or so older. "There's a man come to that shanty half a mile away, and he says he is going to keep a school. What do you say to sending the children to him?"

"Well," said their mother doubtfully, "he is a queer sort of man to be a schoolmaster. He can't write himself."

"He can read, so he says," replied Thomas Lincoln, "and the children could learn that, anyway."

There was certainly not much to be learned at this first school to which Abe was sent, and in a few weeks the children knew as much as their master, which was saying but little.

There was a better school four miles away where the master could both read and write, and although it was a long way for the children to walk, they were sturdy and strong, and set off gaily each morning, carrying their dinner of hoe cake, which was all the dinner they ever had.

The log cabin could now boast the beginning of a library, for besides the Bible and Catechism there was an old spelling-book out of which the children learned their lessons. The Bible was the one book which Abe had known from his babyhood, for his mother read it aloud every Sunday, and sometimes on other days too. It was both story-book and lesson-book, for the stories Abe knew before he could read, and his first reading-lessons were spelled out from it.

It was when Abe was about eight years old that he began to learn to know what it really meant to be a pioneer boy. The farm in Kentucky was not a very successful affair, and Thomas Lincoln made up his mind to try his luck in the new free State of Indiana, where there seemed better prospects of getting on.

It was a journey of a hundred miles from the old home in Kentucky to the new one in Indiana, and while the father took most of their belongings by boat, the mother and two children set out on the journey overland, with two horses to carry the bedding and on which they could ride by turns when they were tired.

When after seven days the whole family arrived in Spence County, Indiana, the first thing to be done was to build some sort of shelter for themselves and their goods. A road had been cut through the forests, but all the clearing had still to be done, and there was plenty of work for Abe, small as he was.

At first it was only possible to build a "half-faced camp," which was merely a cabin enclosed on three sides with one side open, and which, in spite of the log fires, was a bitterly cold shelter in winter-time. But when spring came and the land was cleared enough to plant corn and vegetables, a strong log hut was begun, and Abe lent a willing hand, remembering the bitter winds of the past winter.

It was hard work, for the great unhewn logs had all to be notched and fitted together and the crevices filled with clay; and then there was the loft to be made and a door and window fitted in.

Abe learned, too, how to make stools and a table, and by this time the muscles of his arms were like whipcord, and he could swing his axe like a man.

After learning to be so useful with his axe, it was only fair that Abe should be taught to handle a rifle, and his father promised to begin to teach him at once.

" You'll be able to go hunting and shoot turkey and deer, and will keep us supplied with game," said his father.

Abe's eyes glistened, and he could scarcely sleep that night in his corner of the loft, he was so delighted and excited over the thought of that rifle. A rifle is rather a difficult thing for a small boy of eight to manage, but Abe was determined to learn to shoot, and in a short time he covered himself with glory.

" Mother, mother ! " he cried, bursting like a small whirlwind into the cabin, " there's a flock of turkeys out there. I'm sure I could shoot one if I might have the rifle."

His mother looked out through one of the loopholes of the log hut.

" Sure enough," she said, " they are turkeys. You might try a shot," and she fetched the gun, which was always kept ready loaded.

Abe bobbed up and down excitedly while his mother fixed the gun into the loophole and warned him to be careful. Then he steadied himself, tried to take aim, and pulled the trigger.

Bang ! went the gun, and back went Abe almost head over heels, but in an instant he scrambled up and rushed out. The smoke was just clearing away, and sure enough there on the ground lay a large fat turkey, shot dead.

" I've killed one," shouted Abe, " and it's a monster. Mother, did you ever see such a big one ? " and he struggled to lift the bird on high for her to see.

Just then his father came hurrying up.

" What's all this firing about ? " he asked anxiously.

" I've killed a turkey," said Abe, bursting with pride.

" Nobody else did it," said Abe with a chuckle. Of course it was nothing but an accident, and altogether the fault of the turkey for getting in the way of the bullet, but it was a great triumph for Abe all the same.

All this time Abe had kept on steadily with his reading whenever he had time, especially in the long winter evenings when he could read by the firelight. Lamps and candles were luxuries no settler could afford, but wood was plentiful, and it was easy to heap the fire high and make a splendid blaze.

He was careful, too, not to forget his writing, and he practised writing his own name in the snow or with a charred stick on slabs of wood. His father was not always pleased to find every smooth surface in the house scrawled over with black marks, but he had a great respect for " learning," and when he found that Abe was teaching himself to write, he was quite proud of the boy.

When spring came round and they were working together in the fields, Abe took a stick and began writing his name with great care in the soft earth. " A . B . R . A . H . A . M L . I . N . C . O . L . N," he wrote.

" What is the boy doing ? " asked a neighbour who happened to be passing and stopped to talk to Thomas Lincoln.

"Oh! he's writing," said his father carelessly.

The man looked astonished.

"Can he write?" he asked. "What does the writing say?"

"It's my name," said Abe, spelling the letters out one by one and pointing to them in turn.

The two men looked with respectful admiration at the young genius and shook their heads. Such cleverness was beyond them. Little did they dream that the name of Abraham Lincoln would some day be written, not only on the soil of Indiana but in every annal of the United States.

As time went on, Abe began to long for other books to read besides the Bible, the Catechism, and the old spelling-book. There must surely be many other books in the world, he thought, but the difficulty was to get hold of them.

Then a sad thing happened which for a while made him forget all about his longing for books. His mother died suddenly, and the little family in the log hut was left very desolate.

Sarah was only eleven years old and could not manage the housework very well, although Abe was very handy and helped her a good deal. The home soon began to look neglected and untidy, and Abe felt his mother's loss keenly. Indeed it seemed as if all the sunshine had faded out of his life until one evening when his father returned carrying a parcel under his arm.

"I've found something that will please you, my boy," he said kindly, and undoing the parcel he brought out the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Where did you find it?" asked Abe wonderingly. Such things were not usually to be found in the woods or fields, neither did they drop from heaven.

"I didn't exactly find it," said his father, smiling. "I saw it when I was in Pierson's house and borrowed it for you."

Abe was turning over the leaves, and he took a deep breath of delight. "It looks good," he said.

He was so eager to begin that he could eat no supper, and when he had finished reading it he turned back and began it all over again. The book made him so happy that his father tried to get him another, and this time it was *Æsop's Fables*, which charmed Abe even more than the *Pilgrim's Progress* had done. He read it so often that he could ere long repeat most of the fables by heart.

But his father began to fear he was growing lazy, and every one shook his head over the boy and his books. His cousin Denis declared that "Abe was always reading, scribbling, ciphering, writing poetry and such like," and that he was "awful lazy"; but it was a curious kind of laziness, for it meant seizing every scrap of spare time between work to study, and sitting up late into the night to read his beloved books. He could not help dreaming a little, and sometimes the threshing and chopping and other work suffered, but who could help dreaming over the delights of *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Life of Washington* which just then, at ten years old, opened a new world to him.

After a while life became more cheerful in the log hut, for Thomas Lincoln married again, and the new stepmother brought brightness and comfort into the home once more. She was a widow with three children, which made a merry party in the log cabin, and she also had a quantity of furniture and household goods, so that in a short time the log hut was transformed into quite an elegant abode.

The first thing the new stepmother insisted upon was that a wooden flooring should be laid down, and also that there should be real glass windows and a door with hinges. The children's clothes, too, were made neat and tidy, and there was something else for dinner besides hoe cakes.

Abraham was an awkward-looking boy, for his long legs were out of all proportion to his body, and his small head looked almost comical set on the top of such a tall maypole. People when they looked at him would smile and ask what he meant to be when he was a man.

"I am going to be President of the United States," he said with a chuckle, and every one thought it a very good joke.

The tall ungainly boy, in his queer shabby clothes, living in the backwoods, willing to do the hardest work for the smallest pay, what would he ever have to do with the ruling of a great nation, or the fate of thousands of his countrymen? No wonder they thought it a good joke; but the Fates, regardless as ever of the laughter of fools, went on weaving their web of human life, and little more than forty years afterwards the whole world was mourning the loss of Abraham Lincoln, the noblest President America had had since the days of Washington.

Motto for August

True bravery is shown by performing without witnesses what one might be capable of doing before all the world.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Sent in by JENNIE W. BOYLE,
20 Rigg Street, Stewarton,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS

The Mouse's Castle

THE CASTLE

THE Castle was built of grey stone and good English oak that would never wear out. It was perched high above the sea, on a sunny cliff where sea-pinks and samphire grew. On the east it had a tower like a pepper-pot, and another on the west ; it had twice as many windows as it had doors, and half as many chimneys.

It hadn't always been a Mouse's Castle. Human people had once lived in it ; but the last had left it one day and never come back.

Then the Head of the Mouse Family—the biggest and longest-whiskered Mouse—came peering round with his bright eyes, and thought it would be a fine place to settle in —such big rooms, plenty of cupboards, and no rent to pay. Better than all, in the store-room were sacks of flour, big cheeses, and a couple of fine hams.

So the Mouse Family settled there, and year after year the Mouse Family grew bigger and bigger. Boy and girl mice scampered through all the doors and peeped out of all the windows.

The Owl saw them, and said to his wife,—

"Where there are plenty of mice there should be owls to eat them. Let us make our home here."

And the Owl and his wife came to live in the east pepper-pot, and often had a mouse for supper.

Then the Father Starling, flying north with his family, caught a glimpse of the west pepper-pot, and called to his wife and children,—

"Here is a 'House to let in a select neighbourhood.' Let us take it ; we couldn't do better."

And the Crows set up housekeeping in the chimneys ; but the Mouse Family had all the rest of the house to themselves—and the storeroom. They had a splendid time.

THE MERRY MOTHER MOUSE

The Merry Mother Mouse, in her castle by the sea,
Was just as gay and happy as a little mouse could be ;
With a warm and cosy dwelling, and of food a goodly store,
For the comfort and delight of herself and children four.
The eldest, Peter Piebald, was saucy, bold, and deep ;
The next, called Sammy Slowfoot, was often fast asleep ;
The third was Timmy Tinytoes, because he was so small ;
And then came little Silverstreak, the prettiest of all.

(More about The Mouse's Castle next Month.)

The Winning Smiles

(MANY bright smiles have shone upon the Editress, and she has with some difficulty chosen the following as the best.)

THE EDITOR'S MISTAKE

Two subscribers once wrote to an editor asking for a remedy for their respective troubles. Number One, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them over their teething. Number Two wanted to know how to protect his orchard from myriads of grasshoppers.

The editor framed his answers, but unfortunately transposed the names, with the result that Number One, who was blessed with the twins, read in reply to his question : "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests after jumping about a few minutes will easily be settled." Number Two, plagued with the grasshoppers, was told to "Give them a little castor oil, and rub their gums gently with a bone ring."

Sent in by ALFRED M'DONALD,
Station Cottages, Greenisland, Co. Antrim,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

A SCOTSMAN and an American were conversing on the merits of their respective countries.

"Waal," said the Yankee, "I come from the best country in the world."

"Then," retorted the Scotsman, "you've lost a lot of your accent !"

Sent in by GEORGE MACDOUGALD,
"Dunolly," Stanwell Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than August 15 will be considered.

[*We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.*]

Competitions for August.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Describe the funniest incident you have seen or heard of during the past few months.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a camping scene, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Tell in your own words the story of the Prodigal Son.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Write a short essay telling what kind of poetry you like best, and naming some favourite poems.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a tennis racket and tennis ball.

DOT PUZZLE

A	B
1. .o.	1. .r.
2. .g.	2. .o.
3. .e.	3. .a.
4. .o.	4. .i.
5. .e.	5. .r.
	6. .a.

Each dot in each column stands for a letter to form words, representing the following :—

A. 1. A serpent. 2. A well-known food. 3. A river of England. 4. A boy's name. 5. An affirmative.

B. 1. A period of time. 2. A nickname for the sun. 3. A kind of flap. 4. To hasten. 5. To do wrong. 6. A small animal.

The initials and finals of both columns when read downwards give the names of two boys and two girls.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress telling her what part you take in the duties of your home.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a thermos flask, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for June

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Jack Alexander Ure, 10 Grenville Drive, Cambuslang. Barbara Byerley, Southfield School, London, S.W. 18. Sheila Scully, Challens Yarde, Midhurst, Surrey. Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Nora M. Love, Putney, S.W. 15; Annie M. Gladdeny, Pendleton; William Townsend, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Doreen Buss, Midhurst; Muriel Francis, Daisy Bullen, and Gladys Bardrick, Feltham Girls' School, Middlesex; Iris Scully, Midhurst; S. Styth and George Wigston, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle; Olive Chapman and Eileen Markwick, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Dorothy Church, Rhuddlan; Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne, near Burnley; Mary Rutherford, Edinburgh.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

[*Solution :*—Add together the ten weights and divide by 4, and we get 289 lb. as the weight of the five trusses together. If we call the five trusses in the order of weight A, B, C, D, and E, the lightest being A and the heaviest E, then the lightest, 110 lb., must be the weight of A and B; and the next lightest, 112 lb., must be the weight of A and C. Then the two heaviest, D and E, must weigh 121 lb., and C and E must weigh 120 lb. We thus know that A, B, D, and E weigh together 231 lb., which, deducted from 289 lb. (the weight of the five trusses), gives us the weight of C as 58 lb. Now, by mere subtraction, we find the weight of each of the five trusses—54 lb., 56 lb., 58 lb., 59 lb., and 62 lb. respectively.]

The following sent in the best solutions :—

Prize-Winners.—Jennie Semple, Mossfield House, Gallony, Strabane, Co. Tyrone. Edith M. Mann, 32 Brooklyn Road, Dovercourt, Essex.

Honourable Mention.—Joan Lewis, "Sherwood," Pentwyn Villas, Merthyr Tydfil; Alfie M'Donald, Greenisland Station, C.T.G., Co. Antrim; Archibald F. Lee, Little Brow, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Joseph Russell, Victoria Bridge, Strabane.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Eileen Jones, Girls' Council School, Feltham. Madge Wells, 370 Donegal Road, Belfast. Alison K. Hill, The Priory, Selham, near Petworth, Sussex. Dorothy Noble, Templemore Park, London-

derry. Eva Johns, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Lucy Holmes, East Kirby, Notts; Annie Greenwood, Heywood; Doreen I. Buss, Midhurst; Florrie Burnett, Hemingby; Violet Chainey, Feltham Girls' Council School; Ruth Wynne, Belfast; Nora Williams and Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Evelyn Garwood, Milton, Portsmouth; Jack Ford, Kemerton Church of England School, near Tewkesbury; Mabel Moore, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Mary Rawson, St. Dominic's School, Harkenden; Una Hamlin, Southfields School, S E. 18.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (A)

Prize-Winners.—Marjorie Boon, Southfields School, London, S.W. 18. Adelaide Macfarlane, Heathville, Bearsden, Glasgow. Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Richard Vose and Robert Rosbottom, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Vera Bridle, Parkstone; Hilda Turner, Hockley, Birmingham; Margie Helas, Woodford, Bramhall; Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

Verse Competition

Prize-Winners.—Joan Evelyne Davids, 6 Compayne Gardens, Hampstead, London, N.W. 6. Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley, Lancs. Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, London, E. 17.

Honourable Mention.—Monica Jones, Blackwell, near Bromsgrove; Nancy Bain, St. Anne's; Muriel Francis and Violet Chainey, Girls' Council School, Feltham; Joseph Davidson, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle; Mary K. Brooks, Sheerness; Agnes M'Donald, Glasgow.

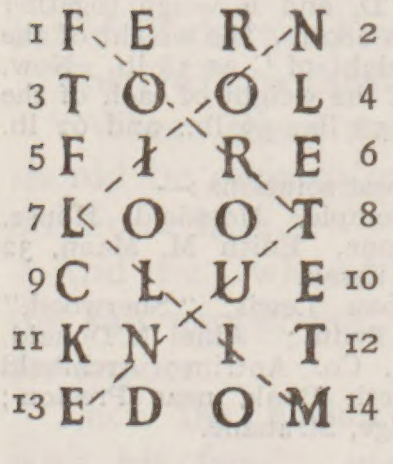
Drawing and Colouring Competition (B)

Prize-Winners.—Henry V. Leslie, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Dorothy Gilbertson, 14 Tylney Road, Sheffield. Robert Edmondson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Honourable Mention.—Kathleen Martin, Liverpool; Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall; Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

Zigzag Puzzle

Solution



Prize - Winners. — Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley. Marjorie Warren, St. Dominic's School, High Street, Harpenden, Herts. Madge Hill, Warrington Road School, Widnes.

Honourable Mention. — Ethel West, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; Mary Rawson, Doris Ross, and Decima Rowlinson, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Lenna Short and Evelyn Leonard, Warrington Road School, Widnes.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (C)

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Wawn, 10 Thornhill Terrace, Sunderland. Brenda Sheila Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Dulcie E. Rofe, Southfields School, London, S.W. 18.

Honourable Mention.—Emma Harkin, Aghadowey; Phyllis Parrott, Shortlands; Hilda White Jeffrey, Corstorphine; Leslie Graham, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle; Stanley Stone, Bedminster, Bristol.

Letter Competition

Prize-Winners.—Irene Thomas, South Street School, Bristol. Joseph Davidson, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle. Claude d'Arbois de Yubainville, 3 rue St. Catherine, Nancy, France.

Honourable Mention.—Barbara Wawn, Sunderland; Dulcie Rofe, Southfields School, S.W. 18; Marion Dixon and Gladys Kefford, Warrington Road School, Widnes; Tom Brown and Reginald Hunter, Ashley Street Boys' School, Carlisle; Gladys Brooker, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham; Sheila M. Burrough, Putney; Robert Buchanan, Glasgow; Dick Gumbleton, Bexley.

One of the Prize Essays

AN ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE (Imaginary)

When I was on my holidays I had a very exciting adventure.

Mother had gone out and I felt very lonely, so I wandered aimlessly down to the shore. There were a good many bathers in the water, so I determined that I would enjoy myself as well. I paid the man and went into my tent, coming out in my bathing costume. As I jumped into the sea, I gave a yell as my foot trod on something very hard and sharp. Several people looked round, so picking the "something" up, I swam away. There was an island a little way off, so I went steadily along, and clambered up on its dry banks. I then examined my prize, and to my bewilderment found it to be an opal ring.

The best thing to do was to get to the other side of the water as quickly as possible. The sky had grown black, and I felt sure that there was a pavilion where they let boats out to hire. Sure enough there was, but I was just asking the old sailor when I remembered that I hadn't any money with me. I promised him that I would pay him directly I got to the other side, but he wanted something to confirm my words.

I thought for a moment, and then handed him the opal ring. Looking round, I saw that his face had gone deathly pale, and upon asking him what was the matter, he said, "Oh! you won't tell them, will you, miss?"

"Tell them what?" I asked.

"Oh! nothing," he replied shortly.

While I was being rowed back I thought about his queer words. "Tell them what?" I wondered. Here indeed was a mystery! The more I thought about it the more mysterious it became. I said something aloud, for when I looked up the old sailor was listening intently, and at last blurted out his story.

He had been in debt, and had stolen the opal ring, but, alarmed at his own daring, had dropped it over the side of his boat. I listened quietly, then said, "Honesty is the best policy; you will always find that."

When I was restored to the shore I paid him, and he gave back the ring to me. I then took the fateful ring to the police-station, and to my surprise was offered a reward. I declined at first, but then I thought of the old sailor, so I took the money and rowed back to the island. The old sailor came out, his face beaming. I then said, "This is for you, for providing me with the material for a story for the magazine." And here is the story.

Sent in by Barbara Byerley,
Southfield School, Wandsworth.

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